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viler purposes. For the moral fallacy, too, is more and more seen. Why condemn brutality and crime at home, and then cultivate them abroad? Why hang for killing one man, and honor for killing a hundred? Why imprison a starving woman for stealing a loaf, and then praise rulers or soldiers for looting cities and stealing a whole country? Shall justice be abolished by a national boundary, and the moral law stop at the state line?

Emerson once said, "The arch-abolitionist, older than John Brown, and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is Love, whose other name is Justice, which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before slavery, and will be after it." That same Love and Justice, older than battleships or the brutality that wants them, is still here, — was alive before wars began, and will be after they are ended. Doubtless this principle of union will work on until it links all nations by just laws, and settles their quarrels by peaceful courts.

The True Remedy for War.

PAUL ALLEGRET IN *L'Universelle*.

Why does war appear to us a more horrible evil than others? It is not, when one thinks of it, because of the physical sufferings which it produces, the tears and the blood which it causes to flow. We are subject to other scourges which kill, ruin and produce tears, yet we do not curse and condemn them. Prosperous cities have been destroyed by volcanic eruptions, entire countries have been ravaged by earthquakes. We suffer from them, but not with that bitter suffering which in the case of the slaughters produced by war humiliates and exasperates us and crushes our hearts.

What causes us to place war at the head of human calamities is not, then, the fact that man is killed. It is because he is killed at the will of man. This leads us to see the true character of the evil which war represents. It is a moral evil. It is the concentration and as it were the summing up of all the sufferings voluntarily produced by men. It destroys in an instant the victories of gentleness and kindness which have been slowly and painfully won by the efforts of many generations, for it unchains the beast in man, or, worse still, brings man back to the condition of the wild beast. It teaches man no longer to respect any part of that which constitutes his peculiar character and value. "A field of battle," says a modern author, "is a theatre, set up and equipped at great expense, on which is presented the hideous spectacle of all human crimes. Demons hold high carnival there."

If such is the true character of the evil, we can easily determine therefrom what is the true remedy for it. We are accustomed to develop in our lectures or our written propaganda in favor of peace, arguments of a legal, economic or philosophic nature. And certainly we are right. No effort is wasted which will help to break down the mass of old and oppressive prejudices; and no one wastes his time who is endeavoring to induce his contemporaries to reflect on such a problem and to awaken in them somewhat more correct ideas.

But if we go to the root of the matter we shall see clearly that the only remedy which can really cure humanity of its war-folly is a moral remedy. So long

as the heart of man remains unchanged we shall never be secure against fits of anger and attacks of irrationality which will thwart all our efforts for peace. Novicow has somewhere said that we ought constantly to place before the eyes of the masses of the people, who are so largely deprived of their rights, the enchanting picture of the happiness and well-being which would be theirs if they should succeed in suppressing the ruinous war budgets.

But we know that to improve the external conditions of a man's life is not necessarily to improve the man himself. To make him advance along the road to perfection it is doubtless essential to work for the betterment of the material conditions of his life; but it is no less essential to awaken the perception of his inner wretchedness, to arouse in him hunger and thirst for righteousness, and to show him how they may be satisfied.

"I should be greatly rejoiced," writes a peace worker of our day, "to be the prophet who should announce the good news and bring peace to men. But I am sure that without some great moral revolution, without a new life and a new love drawn from association with the Christ, men will soon turn against themselves their newly-won power."

And here may I be permitted to cite an important passage from Channing's "Lecture on War."

"If the most terrible view of war be that it is the triumph and jubilee of selfish and malignant passions, then its true cure is to be sought in the diffusion of the principles of universal justice and love, in that spirit of Jesus Christ which expels the demons of selfishness and malignity from the heart. Even supposing that war could be abolished by processes which leave the human character unchanged, that it could be terminated by the progress of a civilization which, whilst softening manners, would not diminish the selfishness, mercenariness, hard-heartedness, fraud, ambition of men, its worst evils would still remain, and society would reap in some other forms the fruits of its guilt. God has ordained that the wickedness within us shall always find its expression and punishment in outward evil. War is nothing more than a reflection or image of the soul. It is the fiend within coming out. Human history is nothing more than the inward nature manifested in its native acts and issues. Let the soul continue unchanged; and should war cease, the inward plague would still find its way to the surface. The infernal fire at the centre of our being, though it should not break forth in the wasting volcano, would not slumber, but by other eruptions, more insensible yet not less deadly, would lay waste human happiness. I do not believe, however, that any remedy but the Christian spirit can avail against war. The wild beast that has gorged on millions of victims in every age is not to be tamed by a polished or selfish civilization. Selfishness, however drilled into courtesy, always tends to strife. Man, as long as possessed by it, will sacrifice others to his own interest and glory, and will grow angry and fierce when others stand in his way.

"War will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love; and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the true remedy for war; not Christianity in name, not such Christianity as we see, not such as has grown up under arbitrary

governments in church and state, not such as characterizes any Christian sect at the present day, but Christianity as it lived in the soul and came forth in the life of its Founder; a religion that reveals man as the object of God's infinite love, and which commends him to the unbounded love of his brethren; a religion, the essence of which is self-denial, self-sacrifice, in the cause of human nature; a religion which proscribes, as among the worst sins, the passion of man for rule and dominion over his fellow-creatures; which knows nothing of rich or poor, high or low, bond or free, and casts down all the walls of partition which sever men from one another's sympathy and respect.

"Christian love alone can supplant war; and this love is not a mere emotion, a tenderness awakened by human suffering, but an intelligent, moral, spiritual love, a perception and deep feeling of the sacredness of human nature, a recognition of the inalienable rights, the solemn claims, of every human being. It protests fearlessly against all wrong, no matter how obscure the victim. It desires to lift up each and all, no matter how fallen. It is a sympathy with the spiritual principle dwelling under every human form. This is the love which is to conquer war; and as yet this has been but little diffused. The love which Christ breathes, which looks through man's body to the immortal spirit, which sees something divine in the rational and moral powers of the lowest human being, and which challenges for the lowest the sympathy, respect, and fostering aid of his race,—this has been rare; and yet it is only by the gradual diffusion of this that the plague of war can be stayed. This reverence for humanity, could it even prevail through a narrow sphere, could it bind together but a small body of men, would send forth a testimony against war which would break the slumber of the Christian world."

This view of Channing is just and profound. Men will labor in vain and search in vain; they will not be cured except by this remedy. The disciples of Christ, possessed of his spirit, must be the leaven to leaven the whole lump. It is their privilege and their mission to bring peace to the world.

They ought long ago to have been organized into societies of Volunteers under the Banner of Love, into a Union of Heralds of Peace, for they possess the only force capable of putting a final end to war.

To the Soldiers of all Countries.

[Free Russia published in English, in its edition of April 1, this article by Mr. Octave Mirbeau, the famous French dramatic writer, which appeared originally in *La Rue*, a paper published in the interest of Russian freedom. We reproduce it for its revelation of the awful horrors and unspeakable wickedness of war.]

I had occasion a few days ago to meet a Polish officer, a captain who had returned wounded from Manchuria. The captain told me tales of this shameful and atrociously useless war, tales that turn one sick, horrors which the most delirious imagination would be incapable of conceiving, even in the realms of nightmare. However hideous may have seemed to us certain episodes transmitted by the correspondents of the different newspapers, not one of them can approach the inconceivable ghastliness of those which were told me, of which I will select one, not having space in which to relate them all. And this is not the most terrible, but one can gain from it an idea of what others might have been. I dedicate this

tale to the soldiers of all countries; and I leave the word to the Polish captain, and let him ask the soldiers of the world if they are not sick of killing and being killed.

"It was the evening after an engagement, which had turned out as usual unfortunate for us. We were in camp with gloomy faces, hopeless hearts and exhausted bodies. Nothing to eat, no ambulances, no wood for the fire—nothing! A frost of fifteen degrees below zero, which shredded the skin and froze the blood in our veins to ice. To remain immovable, to give way to sleep, was death. How many died that night! Imagine if you can this fearful thing—ten thousand men silent, ten thousand men motionless, not a footfall upon the frozen earth, not a voice, not a breath. Stragglers reaching the camp told us that they had heard in crossing the plain, to the right of them, to the left of them, behind them, before them, everywhere, cries, piteous complaints, frantic appeals, desperate shrieks . . . the wounded, the poor wounded ones lost in the black night. They had fallen across some, but had nothing upon which to carry them, and left them there! . . . And what would have been the good? What good? . . . But I exclaimed: 'We must go and bring in the wounded, we cannot let them die there. . . . Who will go with me?' No answer. I spoke to the colonel—he turned his back upon me. I appealed to a general—he passed by without a word. A surgeon of high grade, to whom I addressed myself, replied to me: 'And where shall we put them? We have no stretchers, no bandages, no instruments, nothing! Let them alone!' Not a word of justice, not one of pity, not one even of horror . . . nothing but complete indifference, because this is war, because all these men from colonel to soldier know that their turn will come to-morrow. But by dint of hard working I found a few old wheelbarrows, by dint of hot urging this lifeless mass, this frozen brute-life, yielded a hundred men. We set out . . . the night was very black . . . we had lighted torches, but after we had moved forward for an hour the cries of the wounded were better guides than the ghostly light of our torches. And from time to time we leapt back like frightened horses before piles of corpses, men and beasts. One moment I felt myself stopped, held, pinned to the ground. I felt two hands gripping my ankles like iron vices, I felt two hands creeping up my legs with iron clutches, clawing them, clenching them. And I felt a mouth biting the leather of my boots, snapping at it, tearing it, worrying it, and snarling like a dog. The soldiers ran towards me at my cries; they saw a wounded man with both legs torn off from the thighs twisting at my feet like a great human worm. They could not make him loose his hold, so they killed him with kicks of their boots and blows from their gun handles on the skull. . . . And I lived through a minute, the horror of which, I assure you, I could never paint."

He had become deathly pale. The pupils of his eyes were distended, as under the impression of a great horror. He continued:

"My heart swooned, my brain was torn with the madness of delirium. Frantic to escape from other visions of the night, I found strength to call the men about me. 'Let them rot! Yes, let them rot, all of them,' I shouted.

"We turned to go back to the camp, when all at once there arose upon our right a raving clamor, yells, roars,